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been found in Yorkshire, on the coast of Essex, in the isle of Man, in different parts of Germany, in the forest of Bondi, near Paris, and in some parts of Lombardy, it is evident that the animal had its favourite haunts in our fertile plains and valleys, and has some claim to the title of the *Irish* fossil deer. Thus one part of the question is answered—we can tell *where* the animal existed, as far as extreme probability can go, but as to *when*, it baffles our investigations.

What could be the use of the immense antlers with which the animal was furnished? It is evident that they would prevent it from making any progress through a country thickly wooded with trees, and that the long, tapering, pointed antlers were totally unfit for lopping off the branches of trees, a use to which the elk sometimes applies his antlers, and for which they seem well calculated. It is said that the elk, when pursued in the forests of America, will break off branches of trees as thick as a man's thigh. But the antlers of the fossil deer seem to have been given to it for its protection, a purpose for which they, doubtless, have been admirably designed; for their lateral expansion is such, that, should occasion require the animal to use them in his defence, their extreme tips would easily reach beyond the remotest parts of his body; and when we consider the powerful muscles for moving the head, with the length of the lever afforded by the antlers themselves, we can easily conceive that he could wield them with a force and velocity which would deal destruction to any enemy having the hardihood to venture within their range.

There is presumptive evidence that MAN existed at the same period with this animal—one proof of which seems to be in a rib of the deer (presented to the Society by the same gentleman who presented the skeleton,) and which has evidently been perforated with an arrow, or some similar sharp pointed instrument. It is not improbable that the chase of this gigantic creature formed part of the business and pleasure of the then inhabitants of the country, and that amongst its enemies might be included the wolf, and the celebrated Irish wolf dog.

This account has been compiled from a little pamphlet by Dr. Hart, which was drawn up at the instance of the Committee of Natural Philosophy of the Royal Dublin Society.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,
The joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee?

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, even hush'd in repose,
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war,
Thou ship of the wilderness, pass on the wind,
And leave the dark ocean of mountains behind!

For, child of the desert, fit quarry art thou,
See, the hunter is come, with a crown on his brow,
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white tented camp, for the warfare of deer,
On the brink of the rock, lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day!

Hark! his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
And nature's fierce child in the wilderness dies!
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings,
Oh! reign of magnificence! vanished for ever,
Like music dried up in the bed of the river!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

SIR CAHIR O'DOHERTY.

The rock of Doune, or as it was originally called the rock of Kilmacrenan, is famous as being the place where the chieftains of Tyrconnel were inaugurated by the Abbots of Kilmacrenan; and also as being where the fierce Sir Cahir O'Doherty closed his life, in the reign of James I.

The plantation of Ulster had not as yet taken place; but already many Scots had settled themselves along the rich alluvial lands that border the Loughs Foyle and Swilly; and it was Sir Cahir's most desired end and aim to extirpate these intruders. He was the Scotchman's curse and scourge. One of these Scots had settled in the valley of the Lennon; Rory O'Donnel, the Queen's Earl of Tyrconnel, had given him part of that fertile valley—and he there built his bawn. But Sir Cahir, in the midst of night, and in Sandy Ramsay's absence, attacked his enclosure, drove off his cattle, slaughtered his wife and children, and left his pleasant homestead a heap of smoking ruins.

The Scot, on his return home, saw himself bereaved, left desolate in a foreign land, without property, kindred, or home, nothing his, but his true gun and dirk. He knew that five hundred marks was the reward offered by the Lord Deputy for Sir Cahir's head. With a heart maddened by revenge, with hope resting on the promised reward, he retired to the wooden hills that run parallel to the Hill of Doune; there, under covert of a rock, his gun resting on a withered branch of a stunted oak, he waited day by day, with all the patience and expectancy of a tiger in his lair. Sir Cahir was a man to be marked in a thousand; he was the loftiest and proudest in his bearing of any man in the Province of Ulster; his Spanish hat with the heron's plume was too often the terror of his enemies—the rallying point of his friends, not to bespeak the O'Doherty; even the high breast-work of loose stones, added to the natural defences of the rock, could not hide the chieftain from observation.

On Holy Thursday, as he rested on the eastern face of the rock, looking towards the Abbey of Kilmacrenan, expecting a venerable friar to come from his favored foundation of St. Columbkil, to shrive him, and celebrate mass; and, as he was chatting to his men beside him, the Scotchman applied the fire to his levelled matchlock—and, before the report began to roll its echoes through the woods and hills, the ball had passed through Sir Cahir's forehead, and he lay lifeless on the ramparts. His followers were panic struck; they thought that the rising of the Scotch and English was upon them, and, deserting the lifeless body of their leader, they dispersed through the mountains. In the meanwhile the Scotchman approached the rock; he saw his foe fall; he saw his followers flee. He soon severed the head from the body, wrapping it in his plaid, off he set in the direction of Dublin. He travelled all that day, and at night took shelter in a cabin belonging to one Terence O'Gallagher, situated at one of the fords of the river Finn. Here Ramsay sought a night's lodging, which Irishmen never refuse; and, partaking of an oaten cake and some sweet milk, he went to rest, with Sir Cahir's head under his own as a pillow. The Scotchman slept sound,—and Terence was up at break of day. He saw blood oozing out through the plaid that served as his guests pillow, and suspected all was not right; so, slitting the tartan plaid, he saw the hair and head of a man. Slowly drawing it out, he recognised features well known to every man in Tyrconnel; they were Sir Cahir's. Terence knew as well as any man that there was a price set on this very head—a price abundant to make his fortune—a price he was now resolved to try and gain. So off Terence started, and the broad Tyrone was almost crossed by O'Gallagher, before the Scotchman awoke to resume his journey. The story is still told with triumph through the country, how the Irishman, without the treason, reaped the reward of Sir Cahir's death.—*Sketches in the North and South of Ireland.*

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door with this inscription on it, "This superior blanket for half-price." Pat walked in, and demanded the price. "Just five shillings, Sir;" replied the smooth and polished shopkeeper. "By my sowl, and that's chape enough!" and so folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down two shillings and sixpence, and was walking off. The shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other two and sixpence. "Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the blanket was five shillings, and sure hav'n't I given you the half of it! By this and that, I won't give up my bargain!" A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow-street; but when there, he pleaded his cause so ably, that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, and advised the shop-keeper never again to ticket his goods with "half price."